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O.

MARGUERITE

BARONESS LEICHENSTEIN

AND OTHER POEMS.

BY THE AUTHOR OF

"ZELICA," "CHILDE CLAUDE," ETC.

"Are those things true?"
"Who dares to say they are not?"

PHILADELPHIA:
J. B. LIPPINCOTT & CO.
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PREFACE.

THE writer of "Marguerite" has endeavored to divest a popular German legend of some hitherto degrading associations, and to infuse into this story a pure morality and steadfast faith. The book is now given to the public, in the confident hope that its imperfections will be forgotten in the excellence of its aim.

The few poems appended to the principal one have been already published, and were, at the time, well received. They now appear, at the desire of many friends, in a more permanent form.

THE AUTHOR.

PHILADELPHIA, 1869.

MARGUERITE,

BARONESS LEICHENSTEIN.

CHAPTER I.

IN German-land, where flows the mighty Rhine,
And summer suns give nectar to the vine,
Where maids are fair, and hearts are true and bold,
And man loves maiden, more than lands or gold;
Where Love's sweet words are ever truly spoken,
And faith once plighted, never more is broken,—

Once, in a castle in that land of Rhine,
There dwelt a Baron's daughter, fair and young,
The beauteous scion of a noble line,
Her grace and truth, the themes of every tongue,
For, on her clear, white brow, Truth set her seal,
With a benignity, so high, so real,
That those who looked upon her saw the grace
Of Heaven enshrined upon her sainted face;
Kind words that fell upon the heart, like balm,
A slender figure, graceful as the palm,

Pure eyes of light, like stars at summer eve,
While yet the Sunset doth its brightness leave,
And the high grace of many a titled dame,
Of stainless ancestry, to Marguerite came:
Safe from the coarser world, she calmly trod
The earth, like Eve, descended from her God.
Her father's servitors still lived to take
Care of their lady, for her own sweet sake;
A gray-haired nurse, an aged seneschal
(Whose lore was legends of her noble race),
Ruled the retainers in her lordly hall,
And kept her state in all its wonted grace.

On a June day, beneath the close-brow'd trees,
A student bared his forehead to the breeze;
Searching for herbs of power, in lonely nook,
Weary and warm, he sat beside the brook,
That thro' her old ancestral acres played,
When, lo! on palfrey, came the mild-eyed maid.
An old attendant rode a space behind,
Her palfrey's mane was flowing on the wind,
White was her steed, and so, in kindness grown,
Had learn'd to make his lady's will his own;
The rein lay lightly in her small gloved hand,
Yet held sufficiently to give command,

If turn or change she wished, a touch had made
Those ambling feet fly lightly thro' the glade.
The dark-eyed student started to his feet;
Electric thrills thro' all his pulses beat:
"Oh Saints!" he cried, "I ne'er had hoped on earth
To see a being of angelic birth
Dwell in our midst. By the blue sky above,
I'd pawn my soul for that sweet lady's love."
She smiled unconscious, as the stranger, gazing
(As if transfixed) on her, to him so fair,
His long hair tossed in air, his dark eyes blazing,
As if the summer lightning linger'd there.
Her smile aroused him; and by power resistless
He seized the little hand, that by her side
Now hung in sweet surprise, so weak and listless,
Nor could she then have passed him, if she tried;
"Oh! Lady, I beseech thee," spoke the youth,
"If, in one year, I compass wealth, and fame,
By thy unstained heart, and maiden truth,
Remain unwed, till I a noble name,
And high estates, may bring to thy command,
And come, a humble suitor for thy hand."
"Madman, begone!" the liveried servant said,
"But for my Lady's face, I'd strike thee dead!

Fly with thy life, while thou unharmed remain.
Lo! yonder come the huntsmen, and their train.
Should those bold knaves hear of thy words so wild,
Wert thou a Prince, a Queen would mourn her child."
The lady turned her rein, the palfrey flew
O'er the green turf, yet sparkling with the dew.
Young Eduard stirred not. Well for him the chase
Came not upon him, in that lonely place:
He open'd his clasp'd hands, oh! strange! oh! sweet,
A dainty glove lay nestling at his feet—
"I take the pledge," he said, "as omen good,"
Then sought the shade of deepest forest wood.
He had but gone few paces on his way,
Ere a bold knight, who seemed as if astray,
Followed his footsteps. "What, young friend," said he,
"Where dost thou go, and why so speedily?
I would thy company awhile retain,
And thy kind guidance thro' this forest gain,
For faithless steed hath broken bit and rein.
But why so sad? thou seemest cross'd in love,
Give me thy tale, while we our path regain."

The stranger's words were mild, and kind in tone,
He seemed to make the student's griefs his own;
And while they slowly trod the lengthen'd way
The trusting youth had all his story told,—
How, lone and orphan'd, from his natal day,
No loving arms his childhood to enfold;
He had been reared by uncle cold and stern;
And now, a student of alchemic lore,
He sought, of Nature's secrecies to learn,
The gifts of plants and minerals, and more,
The power of starry influence, the reign
Of baleful planets, the conjunctions strong
Of constellations fortunate, the train
Of Time's events, that may be changed, by long
And patient study of the forces kept
In the deep earth, and horoscopic hour.
There slept
Within the soul of Presth, a regal power,
Which did he know but how that realm to find,
Would make him Monarch of the World of Mind.
He sought to wield the rod of Solomon,
Whose touch could sway the Earth, and open Heaven;
To govern spirit realms, thro' willing slaves,
To raise the tempests, and subdue the waves,

To hold o'er Nature absolute control,
To turn all baser metals into gold,
And then, to make immortal as the soul,
The human hands that should this scepter hold.
Such were his day-dreams, and he told them all
To the dark stranger, walking by his side;
Then paused in musing silence to recall
The maiden fair, who did on palfrey ride.
Her beauty came with spell upon his thought
As when in shady grove she met his eye,
Again he clasped her hand, again he sought
To his adjuring words a kind reply;
Then came the daring vow that sprang to Heaven,
Like arrow, from his quivering bosom driven,
And then again he cried, "Oh! Saints above!
I'd pawn my soul for that sweet lady's love!"
Scarce was the thought unconsciously express'd
Ere his companion grasped in haste his hand.
"I take the pawn," he said, "and thy behest
From hence obey; this hour at thy command
Are Wealth and Honor, all the heart can crave
Shall wait upon thy footsteps to the grave——"
"The grave!" gasped Eduard. "Stranger, and what then?——"
"Then," said the knight, "thou'lt be as other men.

Thou'rt not immortal, friend, and earthly care
Weighs heavy on young hearts. Thou'lt never
know
Aught but luxurious life, and richest fare;
One slight condition, and the compact bears,
Collecting honors with advancing years——"
"Avaunt thee! Evil One!" pale Eduard said,
"Thou'dst keep my soul in pawn till I am dead;
And dead! O Christ, take pity on my love,
And save my soul, that I may live above."
The golden sunset lit the highway then,
And Eduard walked alone to Göttingen.

CHAPTER II.

EDUARD went back to the good old town
Where his Alma Mater resided, when
He donn'd again the student's gown,
In the world-known city of Göttingen.
He pored over volumes rare,
Rich with the Chaldic arts of old,
But oft, while he read, came a maiden fair,
With deep-blue eyes, and soft locks of gold,
And hid the lines, as he tried to gaze
On the precious vellum, all ablaze
With the gold and azure of ancient time.
He hoped to win by that lore sublime
The power of wealth and earthly fame,
And to place at her feet a glorious name
Worthy to mate with the noble line
Of Marguerite, Baroness Leichenstein.

One pleasant eve, when the sunset gushed
From his narrow window, quaint and high,
And the softened sky of the summer blushed
Like a maiden's cheek 'neath her lover's eye,

He heard afar, in the distant street,
The clamor of voices, many and loud,
Then ran at once, as one runs to meet,
With a curious fear, the advancing crowd—
'Twas one of those oft-repeated sights
That shocked the peace of the goodly city,
One of the scandalous, nightly fights
Of the Göttingen students, more's the pity;
For they got a bad name, and they kept bad hours,
In spite of the Burghers' controlling powers.

The fight waxed fierce, and the night cast down
Her curtains dark on the riotous town;
But the darker it grew, the worse they fought,
Till the regular force of the city was brought
To scatter the crowd of the rioters, then
Some pistol-shots 'mid the crowd were fired,
And came the cries of the wounded men.
The lawless students at last retired:
But not till some few were caught and iron'd,
And close by the prison walls environ'd;
I grieve, in sooth, the sad truth to tell,
But Eduard was one, in a lonely cell.
The long night passed, and came the day
And he hoped in prison no more to stay;

But, alas! a worthy citizen fell
In that drunken brawl, by the students made.
They silent were marched from each guarded cell,
And all the evidence there was laid
Before the magistrates stern and cold;
And much was sworn, and much was said,
But at last it was sworn, and plainly told,
That Eduard was seen, in the crowd, to hold
A pistol-barrel against the head
Of the murdered man, and then shoot him dead.
Alas for Justice! alas for Truth!
And perjured oaths! for the innocent youth
Had no pistol to fire, nor did he know
Who had been killed, or when it was.
Most likely, a secret, malicious foe
Had in the *melee*, to evade the laws,
Taken this chance to avenge some wrong,
Fancied or real. Be that as it may,
Eduard was chained from that weary day.
But still he, hoping the truth would be
Discovered in time, in patience tried
To bear his anguish unshrinkingly,
And his sorrowful heart 'neath a calm to hide;
But the trial day was approaching near,
And his friends were filled with a horrible fear,

And his advocate told him, one evening late,
To settle at once his whole affairs,
And, being thus free from all earthly cares,
To prepare his soul for his coming fate,
To spend in prayer the hours yet given,
And clear his soul for its flight to Heaven.
There is one thing plenty on earth, its cost
Is naught to the giver, and so 'tis given:
'Tis a friend's advice; but to him that's tost
On the tempest surge of the passions, driven
To desperate thoughts by a cruel fate,
Unmeet, unmerited, 'tis too late.
Who'd talk of Reason to him who raves
With the fever fire within his veins?
Presth's blood throbb'd on in its burning waves,
And with clinched hands, as he shook his chains,
As if battling Fate, with strong wrath, he said:—
"What boots it man to be good and pure?
For crime doth prosper, and wrong endure,
And when Time has ended, the soul is dead—
Or, if not dead, can Hell give worse
Than Earth has given, with toil and curse?"—
Thus, in his agony fierce, rebelled
The soul of Presth, and backward flew
His thoughts to that day in the sunny June,
When the morning grass was yet wet with the dew,

'Neath the silent woods; to the glowing noon,
And Marguerite, there, as her rein she drew,
By something sweeter than fear, withheld:
When in a sudden and pleased surprise
She looked on his face and his eager eyes—
And he, oh, sorrow! he then was free,
To do and to dare in the world for her:
Now, pinioned and lost, condemned to lie
In prison, till led to the block to die,
With no pitying one for his minister.
A horrible scorn of God and man
Rose in his heart, and his wild thoughts ran
To the tempter knight, who had offered all
That his soul had craved—could he still recall,
Now in extremity—him——He saw—
In the dusk of his cell—and against the wall,
Leaning—the stranger—so dark and tall,
With his arms folded across his breast.

Presth could not speak, for a terrible awe
Crushed, like a mountain, his wild unrest.

"Recover yourself, young friend," he said,
"There is plenty of time to help you yet,
But if you had waited until you were dead,
You'd then have been one of another set,
And all my kindness had been in vain.—
"But come, let me knock off this cumbersome
chain;

You are lighter now, let us take our ease,
And discuss this little affair at our leisure."
"Thanks, for this freedom," young Eduard said.
"No thanks at all," the knight replied,
"I am really happy to give you pleasure.—
"Let us now sit down on the floor, if you please,
Or, if it be better, on your bedside:
This contract made, you are free as air,
So, my young friend, dismiss Despair,
He and I never travel together.—
You know my terms, one you proffered;
I'd have closed the bargain on that condition,
But every time my offers are slighted,
I feel as if my honor was plighted
To recover the loss on my final mission."
"What more?" said Eduard, who, thus far committed,
Determined nothing possible to yield
That he could yet retain, and if permitted
In this close contest to retain the field.
"Thy name I have not heard, my unknown friend."
"What's in a name?" the stranger smiling said;
"Yet, lest my reticence should'st thee offend,
Call me Asmodeus, but let us end

Our business quickly; it is midnight now,
And on to-morrow where shall be thy head?"
"Ah, true," sighed Eduard. Then Asmodeus said,
"If to thy pawn of thy offered soul
Thou givest me also the full control
Of thy first-born son, at his hour of birth,
I will give to thee all on this glorious Earth,
Riches and Honors, Health and Life,
And beautiful Marguerite to be thy wife."
"I may have no son," young Eduard thought,
"And if I have not, then he cannot be bought.
"But stop, I may name some conditions, I hope."
"All else that you please, I will give you full scope."
"Then I bargain forever, Asmodeus, from thee,
That my will and my thoughts shall be perfectly free
From thy will and thy knowledge, and that I may know
All I shall seek of the mysteries old;
All that I ask, that is thine to bestow,
I hold thee to promise, Fame, Power, and Gold—
The secrets of nature, the prophecies old;
The spells that bind, and the powers yet hidden,
Tho' sealed to mankind, and by Heaven forbidden."

"All trifles, my friend," Asmodeus replied:
"With Wealth, Honor, and Happiness, she for thy bride,
Little time for thy mystic nonsensities then."
"Agreed, then,—agreed,—and to these be amen."—
"Now sign this small parchment,—see, here is the pen—
Hence thy fate is thine own, and, thine enemies scorning,
Thou'lt be free as the air in the dawn of the morning."

CHAPTER III.

SCENE—A STREET IN GOTTINGEN. TWO CITIZENS MEET.

First Citizen speaks.

"OH, friend! did you hear the wonderful news
Of the Baron von Alberg, who came last night?
They say that the diamonds which clasp his shoes
Are worth as much as a province in Spain:
A carriage and six, 'twas a beautiful sight,
And every horse with gold bit to his rein.
I saw them plainly, and all his suite,
For the prison was burning all night, you know,
And the ruddy flames set them all aglow;
Such gilding and grandeur here never was seen,—
I declare, I thought 'twas the Empress Queen,
Who had come to gladden us, loyal men,
And to honor our city of Göttingen."

Second Citizen speaks.

"The prison was burnt, and there in a cell
The student who murdered old Meyer was kept."

First Citizen speaks.

"Oh! did you not hear, then, the story they tell,
That the man who did murder old Meyer is dead?
He yesterday died, and confessed, it is said,
'Twas he shot the Burgher, and that, when he slept,
Meyer came to his bedside at night, and complained
That an innocent youth in the prison was chained;
And his soul could not rest till the student should be
Released from his cell, and set free instantly,
And the murderer placed in his stead."

The story, indeed, was all true to the letter;
Then speeches seditious were heard on the street,
"That their rulers were senseless, and they must have better,"
And calling "the citizens together to meet."
"Here, an innocent youth was thus given his death
Because their "Stupidities trusted the liar;"
They wished "that the wretch had been strangled to death,
And then, that his body were cast in the fire

Wherein the young student was burning."
Another worse riot the consequence was:
And the students, well pleased at the populace
turning
Around to their side, had the magistrates beaten;
They entered their houses, and pillaged their
larders,
Their wines were all drank, and their victuals all
eaten,
And many rich Burghers fled over the borders.

CHAPTER IV.

THE Baron Alberg slept late that day
In a lofty room at the grand Hotel;
A table close to his bedside lay
Filled with Titles run out and Estates to sell.
He clothed himself in the costly dress
That was laid just ready across a chair;
He looked in the glass, and could you guess
Of what young Eduard saw in there?
A graceful youth, above medium height,
Eyes, dark and soft, and with waving hair,
A snowy forehead, calm and bright,
A beautiful hand, as it caught the light,
And of courtly grace and air.
"Ah, well! Asmodeus has kept his faith
In all honor, I do declare.
But business now, I must speedily be
Lord of wide halls and demesned land,
But, Marguerite, thou art more to me
Than world-wide empire o'er land and sea,
And the right of a sceptered hand."

A lofty castle tower'd o'er noble trees,
Its turrets catch the morning's earliest sun;
Thro' the long wooded aisles, where swept the breeze,
The graceful deer, in pleasant safety run.
Old Baron Alberg's long-lost son and heir
Has only now returned to claim his own,
From distant lands, where long the Gypsies bare.
His aged sire, thus left in grief alone,
Long, weary years of search had made in vain,
Now clasps in joy his child restored again.
Not long the aged sire survived the shock
Of sudden joy that shook his tottering frame.
So long-sought blessings only seem to mock
The hopes, when most they glad fruition claim:
Scarcely had festal fires, and banquet halls,
Filled with o'erflowing guests, his joy proclaimed,
Ere the old Baron, 'mid his vassals, falls,
Stricken in death, and his successor named.
So earthly ties dissolve in saddest woe,
And teach how frail our tenure here below.
Grief has its season, and the eyes must cease
To weep their sorrow; so young Eduard felt,
And then the soothings of a quiet peace,
On his subdued and pensive spirit melt:

He grieved for him, he now believed his sire
(For well Asmodeus all his plans arranged),
But soon his lonely life began to tire,
And filled with hope, for thus his life had changed,
He sought with eager industry to make
The future glorious, for fair Marguerite's sake.
Soon architects unite the ancient hall
With stately palace, in pure beauty rare
Of Grecian Art, where Doric pillars tall,
Fair massive columns, stand in grandeur there.
Vastness and beauty strive to clasp in grace
Turrets of old, and fair façades of new,
A composite of orders, blended well
Of ancient rank, and later wealth to tell.
Observatory, built with rocks immense
Of world-old granite reared its dizzy height;
It seemed as high as Babel to the sense,
For its fine lessening spire was lost to sight.
There Telescopes of power the planets read,
And astral systems lore sublime disclosed.
High in the topmost turret was the bed
On which the Baron fanciful reposed;
And books, and tomes, of wondrous size, were brought
To feed the greed of his insatiate Thought.

All the deep science of the old Chimea
In that tall tower was in due order placed—
Secrets of Earth and Air, of Water, Fire.
The Wine of Marco (who would care to taste)
There blushed in red, or to deep purple grew,
Or faded to the azure of the skies;
Those secrets Egypt's mystic Priesthood knew
Were here unfolded to young Eduard's eyes.
Old Barachebus sent his magic lore,
And Cappadocia's king was studied o'er.
There Gnatia's incense burnt itself to flame,
Yet ever unconsumed, like that of old
In ancient tower of Archelaus, whence came
Those tales the wondering Quadrigarius told.
Rules for each force explosive, ancient art,
By Egidio Colonna, known of yore:
Compounds the Persia Magi did impart
In darkest caverns' depths, where the vast lore
Of piled-up ages gave the Sages power
To conquer Nature, and thereby control
The Elements. To find the Natal hour,
Curst or propitious, for each human soul:
And mightier gift, Nativities to sway,
And change to fortunate, a baleful day.
Deep in the rocky earth, beneath, were made
Wide subterranean galleries, where stood

Basaltic pillars, on which floors were laid,
And movable at will, and moved, then could
The secret Laboratory be entered, known
To none but Presth, and trod by him alone.
In its dark depths the sacred Naphtha threw
Its light from urns, and there the mystic jar,
Later called Leyden, in our time thought new.
Alembics from Arabia, journeyed far,
Metals and Crystals of each shape and hue,
Known only to the buried ages, when
The Gnomes revealed their knowledge unto men.
Strange things in tower were gathered; whence they came,
None knew, or cared to know, but in one room,
Where upper turret climbed, a hazy flame
Scarce lit the clouded air of rich perfume,
Were books from Persia, Chaldea, Scanderon
(Some from the sacred Ædes' depths reclaimed),
With hieroglyphic characters, and one,
Or many bound in one, the "Black books" named:
That well interpreted ('twas writ in Hell
And by a Deev expounded and explained),
Each rite of Sorcery told, each mighty spell
To rule the Demons, and from them extort
All knowledge wanted of the "Magic Art."

Here Apollonius' holy spells were taught,
That wondrous lore of Angels, Spirits bright,
Who could by stainless life and prayers be brought
To aid the Souls on Earth. Thus Spirits pure,
Drawn by its potency, came oft to man;
And this was called by Sages, "Magic White."
This was the highest, and doth still endure;
And those who conquer all Earth's passions can,
And yet do often, here below, control
The Powers of Air, obedient to the Soul.

Here were the works of Porphyry, the Tyrian,
"Melech" then named, the Syrian for a king:
His was the wisdom of the old Assyrian,
That empire, whence Sennacherib could bring
His hosts to conquer Israel; but the breath
Of *Him* the mightiest, laid those hosts in death.

The Veda's books of cabalistic lore,
Known but to Brahmins of far Hindostan;
Zoroaster's Zendavesta, and before
The reeking earth had dried, the hoary Ham
(Son of the Flood) his knowledge of the power
To conjure Spirits, left for coming time.
The matchless height of Babel's daring tower,
By aiding Demons, was thus taught to climb.

Here Scandinavian Odin's brazen Head
(First made by Solomon), with Reason filled,
Told all the Secrecies e'er writ or read:
The Chemist's Alkahest was here distill'd.

Here the Arabic Alidade was placed,
Measuring the sky; Astronomy here told
The stars' mutations, and their pathways traced;
Here were the books Agrippa left of old,
And Pythagorean volumes, bound in gold.

Mercurius Trismegistus, ancient than
All we have named before, formulæ made
And incantations dire, creating man,
And gods of men, who, when thus formed, were laid
Under the "Spell of Power," and made perform
Those tasks even Hell refused, to raise the storm,
By all-controlling Sorcery, and make
The heart of frightened Nature wail and quake.

And even Maimonides himself declares
That marble domes, and temples, underground,
Were built and peopled by them, that in pairs,
Like human beings, lived; and ruins found

In Petra and Persepolis, the glory
Of ancient wonders, tell this wondrous story.

Enough is told, tho' endless 'twere to tell
What Magic brings to its unholy art;
All ever known of Alchemy or Spell,
Of Rosicrucian rites, were but a part
Of what Presth gathered in this lonely Tower.
Some secret purpose had he, hour by hour
He passed the darksome night and shining day,
And sought the "Vitea," while his passed away.
We leave the wondrous Tower, and straying round,
Enter the beauteous Castle's fairy ground.

Here, spacious gardens sheltered from the wind,
Along whose walls the Syrian roses twined;
And flowery shrubs on Kiosks climbing o'er,
Cast flitting shadows on the marble floor:
There ready servants proffer fruit and wine,
While the pleased guests on silken couch recline,
Or tread the devious paths where Hindoo flowers
Open and close to mark the passing hours.
The gentle birds, in leafy roof above,
Sung their sweet songs, or twittering told their love,

And the bright Alcuross, delighted, tries
To mock with varied note each bird that flies.
We may not know what boundless wealth can do,
But rapidly those graceful changes grew;
Thro' the wide Park, still beautiful as old,
Rose Turkish Mosques, with Minarets of gold;
Egyptian temples, Greece's Parian domes,
Seemed here transplanted from their ancient homes.
Fountains and lakes, near which abode the fauns,
And Ida's deities usurped the lawns;
A wilderness of beauty, where the sight,
Wearied at length by ever-new delight,
Turned to the calm blue sky to rest its gaze
On fleecy clouds and far-off mountain haze.
If skillful art have thus adorned the ground,
Within that gorgeous Palace all was found
That Love can bring to her, who ever sways
His every thought, whom every nerve obeys.
She knows it not as yet, for this fair home
Waits tardy ships, which yet on Ocean roam;
They bear from every land, from every clime,
The spoils of Art, the treasuries of Time:
Carpets from Persia, silks from far Cathay,
Here shade those lofty rooms from prying day;

Vases of graceful shapes, and marbles rare,
And antique statues, made almost too fair;
For, the fond soul, enamored, longs to give
Part of its life, to make the marble live.
In eastern part long suites of rooms appear,
  Each suite a goodly Palace for a King;
Egyptian Ammon seems but cradled here,
  And some the Aiden of the Persians bring:
Barbaric Art has sent her gold and gems,
Whose light might flash from princely diadems.
And Saracenic work of Arabesque
  Shone in arched roof, set in devices old,
Of starry systems, sooth no easy task,
  For in this golden blazonry was told
Of stately Equinoxes moving slow,
That mock Man's time, yet note it, as they go.

Another, Europe's Court of Charlemagne,
  Where feudal Chiefs in bronzed armor bore
Their tributes to his more extended reign;
  Those varied gifts bestrewed the marble floor.
Turkey's Byzantian Palace traveled here,
  And Moorish Granada, Alhambra made,
With graceful palm-trees, growing tall and fair,
  And perfumed fountains in Lazuli laid,

So that the crystal water's mimic sky
Should send its blue reflection to the eye.
But finished, 'twas a home too bright for man,
  This, all the quaint old servants sadly said,
And when they saw its rapid rise, began
  Each one to ope his eyes, and shake his head:
All men have eyes, and ears, and thoughts, and
      they
In truth thought more than yet they dared to say.

CHAPTER V.

OH! Love! all-present, thou dost even dwell
In cloistered Fane and Convent's holy cell;
No rank, no clime, exempted from thy sway,
All human hearts thy sovereignty obey:
Sweet is thy servitude, for what is life,
With its hard cares, and its unceasing strife,
But spirit solitude, when thou art gone?
And gathering sadness, we live sadly on.

But, in a soul like Eduard's, 'twas a flame,
Burning, unchanging, ever still the same;
Like to those lamps, whose quenchless light can burn,
Unfed, untended, in the Mystic Urn,
So with his life-pulse, mingled every hour
The throbs, the thrills of that mysterious power
Which made his being seem as merely given
To hold the flame, not born on Earth, but Heaven.

And now before the year had gone its round
He trod again young Love's enchanted ground;
Where, first beneath the early June's blue skies,
He caught the light of his fair Marguerite's eyes;
Where, a poor student, he had clasped her hand,
On that sweet spot did Baron Alberg stand;
The jeweled grass, the waving trees, the same,
And he, the same in soul, but not in name.
Now he has left his train, to seek the shade
Where Love, life's Sun, that morn his birthday made;
For to his wakened soul came life divine,
When first he saw the "Maid of Leichenstein:"
He comes to woo her now, with towers and land
He mates her wealth, he asks the lady's hand;
And she, when her first bashfulness was o'er,
Thought she had surely seen the knight before:
A vague resemblance, struggling in her thought,
Only this answer to her memory brought:
That somewhere she had seen him; in her dreams
Perhaps, and this to us most likely seems,
For in her musings oft the features came
Of the young student, the young knight's the same,
Ripened and brightened by the gentle spell,
That Love still leaves, where he is wont to dwell.

He wooed, and won her, and her soul was given
To him as to an angel come from Heaven;
Earth seemed a Paradise of beauty; light
Came with his presence, and his absence, night.
Each quickened sense more keen enjoyment knew,
Time was unnoted, he so swiftly flew,
Love, rapturous Love, her every thought beguiled,
And Earth, and Air, and Heaven, in glorious
beauty smiled.

Love has no secrets, none, yet oft at eve
It came that Eduard would his Marguerite leave
To her own musings; in the twilight dim
He walked alone, or who then walked with him?
Thro' the long aisles of those o'ershadowing trees,
Often quite late at night her lord she sees:
Sometimes alone, but lately, standing near,
Was a dark stranger she had learnt to fear:
In close commune they seemed, and even when
Winter made warm the happy homes of men,
They walked together, or in turret high,
With wondrous telescopes, o'erlooked the sky
For some lost star that, hid beneath a cloud,
Wrapped its fair face from them, as in a shroud.
'Twas nothing wrong, yet to her clinging heart
'Twas pain to her even for an hour to part;

Joy left with him, to her he was a thrall,
Her soul, her life, her constant thought, her all.
"It is not so with men," she sadly said,
And, weary waiting, sought alone her bed:
"Yet Eduard loves me, loves me more," she thought,
"Than when to this fair home, her first he brought;
How silly she to think her lord should be
Bound to her presence, love should still be free.
Yes, she would ask him of the witching lore
That seemed more dear to him than e'er before,
And he would doubtless tell her why his hours
Were spent in study in those frowning towers."

So, one sweet eve, when Sunset, blushing fell
Into the arms of Twilight, waiting there,
She with kind words besought him then to tell
Of what had caused her so much anxious care.
Gently he answered of the sacred lore,
Of cabalistic studies, and the arts
Lost in the Ages, tho' known long before.
The compound of "Life's Elixir," that starts
Anew the pulse of age, and to true love
Brings the eternal youth that reigns above.

"Yet why, my Eduard, dost thou leave my side,
Often in secret, thro' the midnight hours?

What studies lovest thou better than thy bride?
Alas! I fear thou seekest forbidden powers.
And the dark stranger, that now comes so oft,
I like him not, I know he likes not me,
His silent tread, his voice suppressed and soft,
His burning eyes that bend so fierce on thee;
There is a presence round him that I fear,—
I would, my lord, he came no longer here."
"He is my friend, sweet Marguerite, and wise,
He knows the lore Chimea taught of old;
And tho' he has dark brows, and burning eyes,
He brings me boundless wealth of gems and gold.
But, see! he comes! sweet love, have thou no fear,
Shall I go meet him then, and leave thee here?"

Meanwhile fair Marguerite grew more sweetly pale,
And Eduard looked with anxious fear upon
That calm, mild brow, oft hidden by her veil,
From whence all earthly shadowings had gone.
Sad thought had left its light upon her face
Like the cold moonbeams on some holy shrine,
But had not marred the beauty, or the grace,
Of those pure features, now almost divine.
Oh, Love! to think that in one fragile form
Is held our all of happiness, below;

No wonder, then, we shield it from the storm,
From every wind that doth unkindly blow.
And she, for whom his very soul was given,
Was she to melt like snow-drift, from his side?
Was there no Life-draught, left on earth by Heaven,
To bring the rose-tint to his Lily bride?
New fears, new sorrows gather o'er his soul,
Soon must he find the power that can even Death control.

His eager search now more intense became,
Tried every formula of ancient ages,
Metals, sublimed by fierce Caloric's flame,
Tinctures of gold, prepared from Brahma Sages;
And potent herbs from Afric, which, 'twas said,
Distilled 'neath favoring planets, raised the dead.
Oh! fruitless toil, and weariness of thought!
Disheartened oft, yet oft renewed again,
And oft, in crazed and feverish joy, he sought
Some essence, in alembic, to retain
Of perfume exquisite, whose crystal dews,
Unknown before, in him new hopes infuse.—
Old Time, in passing, looked at him and laughed;
But still the Life-draught Presth had never quaffed.

CHAPTER VI.

BUT loving Marguerite saw her lord, with dread,
Pursue this strange, wild search from day to day;
His sunken eyes, his bowed and weary head,
His fasts and vigils, often now away
Long days and nights, alone within the tower:
She fear'd his alter'd state, and doubted he
Crazed might become, for, lost the soothing power
Of soft caress, or love's light pleasantry:
At length her strong heart overcoming quite
Her former fears, she climbed the turret's height,
Stole thro' the moonlight shadows, weird and dim,
And stood within his study, watching him.
He sat beside a table, where was placed
A perfumed lamp shaped like a Roman urn,
Whose silver light the changing shadows chased,
As he, in restless search, would often turn
Over the leaves of a large antique volume,
Written in gold, but by long ages faded

The burnished letters of each downward column;
And, as his small white hand his forehead shaded,
And his dark clustered hair that brow fell o'er,
She thought that earth held never one before
So noble in his beauty, nor so fair
In form and feature as her Eduard there.
Silent she stood, till, rising from his chair,
He sought some other book, from this referr'd:
His sudden move, his eager, anxious air,
His very breathing, quick and short, she heard,
Hastened her movement, and, while moving, said,
"Come, gentle husband, hasten thou to bed."
"Marguerite!" he said, with startled voice and eye,
As if he knew not how or whence she came;
"My Eduard, I was wakeful, could not lie,
And rose to seek thee; thy lamp's patient flame
Told me thou wert in study here, and so
I climbed the turret, from the hall below.
But tell me, Eduard, hast thou ever found
That long-lost, long-sought, Elixir Divine?
For now a year has gone its annual round,
And still I hear not that the gift is thine;
I fear me much, my husband, you and I
Shall, like all others, live, grow old, and die."

"We'll talk within our chamber, sweet," he said,
"'Tis time, my little one, thou wert in bed,
And I, forsooth, must leave at earlier hour,
Lest my pale wife should haunt my lonely tower."
They soon to rest, too weary then to talk,
But the next day, amid their pleasant walk,
Marguerite, whose heart was filled with anxious pain,
Renewed the subject of the night again.
"We were too tired, love, last night to speak
Of thy deep studies and thy chemic lore,
And tho' a woman's thought may be but weak
To grasp thy science known so long before
Thro' countless ages, yet I'll talk to thee,
And word the thoughts that press me heavily.
Think'st thou that *He* who formed each mighty world,
And fixed on all the laws of ceaseless change,
Can, by the Chemist's crucible, be hurled
From the supremacy of Nature's range?
Life's ceaseless action wears away its spring,
And that electric force which all pervades
(Nature itself, and every living thing
That brought to being, lives, matures, and fades)

Is of itself the Scepter of Decay,
For it resolves to dust as it combines,
And once mature, its work must fade away.
The very Sun corrodes us as it shines,
And the light atmosphere we think so rare,
Presses us down to age and hoary hair.
Then dream not, Eduard, that thy puny arm
Can wrest the Scepter held by Him alone
Whose will magnetic holds by silent charm
This earth, those worlds, the stars that gild his throne;
Oh! my dear love, I tremble lest the thought,
Tho' impotent, so daring, should invoke
The punishment presumption ever brought
On all rebellious spirits: bear the yoke
Thy human nature hath imposed on thee,
For, in thy soul immortal, thou art free."

"Thou speakest well, my Marguerite, but know
I seek not to usurp, but find the power
That stays decay and change. Is it not so
That angels change not? Our life's fleeting hour
Would bring to them no age, for their fine souls,
Composed of atoms primitive, ne'er feel
Pressure of air, or decomposing age,
Because the course of time, as on it rolls,

Corrodes not them. The wisdom of the Sage
Those primal atoms seeks to find, and then,
When found, we make immortal—men.
One mighty step is made, in solvent gained
Which naught resists, if by it we discern
Those parts that nature ever hath retained,
And thus her inmost secrecies to learn;
Dost thou not see we can again combine,
And find, at last, the Elixir Divine?"

"Oh, fantasy of thought! but let it pass,
I cannot answer more; yet tell me, sweet,
Why is it thou avoid'st the Holy Mass?
Art thou Illuminati, how didst meet
Thy stranger friend? Oh! Eduard! tell me, pray,
I cannot rest, nor sleep again in peace,
If thou wilt not. Indeed, I must away
To Leichenstein, till my unrest doth cease.
In me thou may'st, as in thyself, confide,
Thou art as soul of soul, to me, thy bride."

"I know thou lovest me; Marguerite, there may be
Secrets I scarce could speak, even, love, to thee;
Press me no more, but know my inmost soul
Is swayed and moved by thy most sweet control,

And thus 'twill ever be, whate'er the end.
Vex not thyself at him, my serious friend;
He is munificent, and doth provide
Those gifts that please thee best, my gentle bride."
"Then no more gifts take I; thou lovest me not,
Else thou would'st make me sharer of thy lot.
Think not to blind me, Eduard; I do know
Thy friend is Satan, and thy soul's worst foe.
And thou art sold to him,—oh, God! forever,
Lest in the faith of Christ from him thou sever.
Now tell me not—or do—whate'er thou wilt,—
But darling love clings to thee, even in guilt."

She knelt before him, and with streaming eyes
Besought him then and there to tell her all;
Perhaps the truth were less than her surmise,
And even the very worst that could befall
Man's erring soul, the Love of Christ could hide,
Who for such very need was crucified.

He raised her gently. "Then, mine own," he said,
"My loving one, at last my sin thou'lt know;
Here rest thee, on my breast, thy weary head,
Mine on this earth at least, thro' weal or woe."
And then he told her all,—how that bright day
Of sunny June his eyes first looked in hers,

And her bright face, that on his lonely way,
Rose, like the Sun, on Iran's worshipers,—
Of all his yearnings, for her sake, for Fame,
Wealth, Power, and Honor, then the cruel stain
That false accusers cast upon his name.
How 'mid his woe the Tempter came again,
And proffered all he longed for—"Yea, and thou,
Beloved, he promised then. No wonder I,
Thus tried and tempted, took the fatal vow;
But thou wilt love me, Marguerite, till I die?"
She answered not, but with clasped hands upraised,
On the blue Heaven she cast her saintly eyes,
And silent stood, as thro' its depths she gazed
With an appalled and desperate surprise.
Transfixed, as in a cataleptic trance,
She breathed not, heard not, and her moveless eye
Kept its unchanged look and stony glance
Upward upon the bright and smiling sky.
At length a quiver, like the lightning, broke
That fearful silence, and at last she spoke:—
"Thank God! there's hope in Heaven, for Christ hath died
For thee, and me, and all," she slowly said;
"I saw the gate of mercy opened wide,
And at his feet my prayers for thee were laid.

They changed to flowers, and their sweet odors
brought
Thy sin and suffering to his pitying thought.
Then fear not, Eduard, there is One to save,
Mightier than Michael, who with angel swords
O'erthrew the Arch-Fiend once, 'twas God who
gave
Strength to the starry Hosts, their might, the
Lord's.

"And shall we fear his power, the Evil One,
Who hath entangled thus thy human soul?
Now to a nobler feeling thou hast grown,
And thou shalt burst from 'neath his curst con-
trol.
Blessed the moment thou didst crave the boon,
Thy thoughts and actions from his knowledge
kept!
Listen, my Eduard! we are none too soon
(For his suspicion wakes, which long had slept)
To fight this battle,—strong the power of Ill,
But the great power of Good is stronger still.
To holy Rome a pilgrimage I'll take,
And at the sainted Mother's blessed shrine
Unceasing prayers and precious offerings make,
And for our Lord's dear sake, her Son Divine,

She'll grant the prayers our poor hearts there prefer,
She ever grants when woman prays to her.
But from this moment hence, oh! never more
Those halls, whose splendors terrify, I tread,—
Ne'er press my feet upon the gem-laid floor,
Ne'er rest again in quiet, here my head.
This Demon Paradise I leave, and Thou
Who hears all Earth, now hear and bless my vow,—
That ne'er again by Eduard's side to be
Till from the bonds of Satan he is free;
Till this accursed bond with Hell is broken.
Eduard! farewell! I leave with thee this token;—
That if my prayers are heard—I come; if not,
Let fasting, prayer, and penance be thy lot.
I seek at once that early home of mine,
And stay one troubled night at Leichenstein."

She's gone! oh, Eduard! did the Fiend provide
That thy fond love should hold her to thy side?
He flung him down, upon the earth he laid,
And, in his mighty agony, he prayed.
His better angel heard his soul's first cry,
On rapid wings, he bore it then on high.

"He prays!" the angels shout—Messiah smiled.
Yes! there is hope for Earth's most sinful child:—
There's joy in Heaven, each Seraph now rejoices.
Hark! to the chorus of celestial voices.

"Fear not, man, there reigns above,
One unchanging in His love,
And however great the power of Ill,
The power of Good is stronger still."

CHAPTER VII.

PRESTH is alone within the secret tower,
'Tis a conjunction mighty, and the hour
For his sublimest spell at last has come.

A marble chamber, black as blackest night,
Where, on a silver altar, gleamed a light
From alabaster lamp, a censer's fume
Sent round its subtle fragrance, and a haze,
As of white clouds at noon, the misty room
Then seemed at once all suddenly ablaze.
Near to the altar, on a pedestal,
Rested the "speaking Head" of Solomon,
O'er which the incense floated, rose and fell—
Then, as a radiant crown, it settled on
The mystic brow, which oped its brazen lids,
And then, pale Eduard spoke.

PRESTH.

"Naught now forbids,
And by the spell most mighty, I invoke
Thine answer. Speak."

HEAD.

"What wouldst thou, man?"

PRESTH.

"The truth, if thou canst speak it, answer me."

HEAD.

"I can."

PRESTH.

"Then first, can endless life be found on Earth?"

HEAD.

"There's life in Heaven."

PRESTH.

"I seek for it on Earth."

HEAD.

"It is not given."

PRESTH.

"Art sure of what thou sayest?"

HEAD.

"Death is the law for beings like to thee.
And thou canst not nor may'st
E'er break what He hath sworn shall ever be.
Art done?"

PRESTH.

"Not yet—more would I question thee."

HEAD.

"Hasten then to ask,
And end my task."

PRESTH.

"What of my love, my wife?"

HEAD.

"Her faith hath saved the life
Of thy young heir and son;
She hath the battle won."

PRESTH.

"Oh! Spirit great! speak on."

HEAD.

"Hear, and believe it true:—
In the great golden book 'tis said,
That if on child a spell be laid,
And his soul is forfeit made,
Yet, for Christ's sake, if 'tis born
In the dawn of Christmas morn,
And by holy priest it be
Caught from earth and instantly

(Ere 'tis swathed, or ere 'tis fed)
On its infant brow be laid
Holy crucifix, and then
The baptismal rites be said,
He shall live to say—'Amen,'
And a Christian soul remain,
Ever free of spell or stain."

PRESTH.

"Spirit, I thank thee well."

HEAD.

"If thou dost thank me, thou cans't break my spell."

PRESTH.

"I'll do it; 'tis the hour,
This seal shall give me power:
But how?"

HEAD.

"Heat thou the seal of mighty Solomon
In the lamp's flame, then press it thro' the brow,
'Twill melt the brazen walls, and I'll be free as thou."

PRESTH.

"'Tis done—and, prisoned Spirit, thou art free:
Thou hast a noble presence—I greet *thee*."

SPIRIT.

"Now, I thank thee, and am from hence thy
slave."

PRESTH.

"No! thou art free, for thou hast served me well,
And, were I scathless of this pact with Hell,
I would not fear the grave."

SPIRIT.

"Then, mortal, haste! ere the powers of Air
Those tidings to Asmodeus bear;
Ere can come thy cruel Tempter,
Hie thee to the Abbey—enter—
Safe within its walls remain
Till thy soul be free from stain."

PRESTH.

"The Abbey! 'tis a distance great."

SPIRIT.

"I will leave thee at the gate.
Come! ere flies the hour of Fate.
On my wings of strength I'll bear thee;
Ere the Evil One can tear thee
From my grasp, thou'lt sheltered be,
By Holy Cross, and Trinity.

Fear me not, but climb
On my wide wings, it is at last the time
Brought by the ages. Thou hast set me free,
And I will prove my gratitude to thee."

PRESTH.

"I fear not."

SPIRIT.

"Then we go.
Clasp round my neck, and I will hold thee so."
They fly.

CHAPTER VIII.

MEANWHILE, sad Marguerite months of penance paid,
Of prayers at early dawn and late midnight:
At the pure Virgin's feet her offerings laid,
And oft she watched until the morning light.
At length, o'erweary with unanswered prayer,
There fell upon her heart a cold despair,
And, stretching upon earth her weary frame,
She waited death, or sleep, whichever came.
Sleep came in pity, and she dreamed a light,
Like that of noonday, burst upon her sight,
And in it stood the Virgin Mother mild,
Who, pitying, spoke, and even when speaking, smiled—
"Marguerite! thy prayers are heard, no longer stay;
Depart from hence, nor linger by the way:
And listen to the promises I give,—
Thy Eduard's saved, thy son and heir shall live.

For, in the clear dawn of next Christmas morn,
Shall thy fair child in Leichenstein be born.
Then instantly, ere he be swathed or fed,
Let holy priest cross o'er the infant's head,
On his young breast the crucifix impress
Ere mother's kiss, and father's tenderness,
And rites baptismal on his brow be poured.
Let him be named 'Emanuel,' from the Lord,
Whose birth hath saved the world. On that glad
day
Thou'lt meet thy husband, now so far away;
For he, by penitence and prayers, shall be
Loosed from the bonds of Satan, and to thee,
Restored by Holy Church, shall evermore,
In the true Christian faith, with thee adore;
And thou shalt live a long and happy life,
Blessed as mother, and beloved as wife."
The vision faded from the sleeper's eyes,
And, springing from the ground in glad surprise,
She traveled swiftly homeward to remain,
In trusting faith, at Leichenstein again.

'Tis Christmas eve, the Castle windows throw
Their gladsome light upon the dazzled snow.
Around each gate the Mistletoe is bound,
And sacred Palm is strewn upon the ground;

On that calm blessed eve, the taper's light
Gleams in the chapel thro' the live-long night,
And holy vespers, mass, and matins bring
Their joyous welcome to our Lord and King.
The choral anthems floating on the air,
The perfumed censers, and the ceaseless prayer,
Ushered the day that gave a Saviour birth,
Brought life to man, and peace and joy to earth.
The matin bell had scarcely told the morn,
Ere came in Leichenstein the wailing cry
Of a young soul to earthly suffering born
(Those little ones reluctant leave the sky);
But omens good upon his birth attended,
And joys of Heaven with those of earth are blended.
Then taken quickly, ere he's clothed or fed,
The priest devoutly cross'd the infant's head,
The crucifix upon his breast he laid,
The holy rites baptismal soon were said:
"Emanuel" named, by God's most holy sign,
May blessings rest on "Baron Leichenstein."

On Christmas morn a penitent had knelt
Before the holy shrine of Engelfelt;
In ashy sackcloth, head and forehead bare,
He spent the night alone in silent prayer;

But now, his penance o'er, his many prayers
Have gained forgiveness for the sins of years;
His fastings long, his penances severe,
His keen repentance, told with many a tear,
Ascended on the wings of faith to Heaven,—
They love the deepest who are most forgiven.

Meanwhile this wondrous story floated wide,
Borne on the winds like straws at eventide;
Till it had reached the Emperor, whose ear
Received the tale thus told. From far and near,
Full of a silent awe, came many men,
To hear it now at Engelfelt again:
And there the Emperor vowed himself to go,
That he might know if it were truly so.
Soon a long train of knights at Abbey gate,
Admittance to the Sanctuary wait;
For on this Christmas, Baron Eduard bent,
Absolved from sin, to Host and Sacrament;
And a High Mass in holy pomp displayed,
And costly gifts upon the altar laid,
To speak the gratitude of Marguerite, Dame
Of Leichenstein, from whence that morn they came,
For Son and Lord, released from Satan's thrall,
And her rewarded faith evinced to all.

And now the organ's swell of music soars
To highest Heaven, and all the crowd adores;
There earthly Sovereign kneels, and, bending low,
His courtly train a meet devotion show,
Tho' less they feel, but all around must see
The shriven Baron, who now openly
(Clothed in rich robes) his Christian faith proclaims,
And breathes in reverence meek the Holy names.
A quiet hush—the bursting organ bears
Its load suppressed to silence, while the ears
Of listening multitudes are strained to note
The words that on those clouds of incense float.

Mid white-robed priests the penitent has knelt,
And kindly joy the eyes of many fill,
And Eduard feels what he had never felt,
A trusting faith in the Almighty will:
The priest now comes, and laying on his head
Both hands in blessing, thus the rites were said:

"In the name of God, most Holy,
By Messiah born so lowly,
By the Holy Ghost descended,
All in mystic union blended;

By the power to priesthood given
By the Trinity of Heaven,
I undo the curse and ban
Laid by Satan on this man;
I release his sorrowing soul
From the Evil One's control;
And with holy grace and power,
From this now baptized hour,
I endue his soul to fight
For the truth and for the right.
Now the Devil's spell is broken,
And be this the faithful token,
See for thee the Saviour died,
And for thee was crucified;
Now, in Heaven he pleads for thee,—
Soul, thou art at liberty."

Scarce could the crowd in silence keep,
Some who smile, and some who weep;
But now the organ's triumphant strain
Tells of a soul released again:
And the hushed crowds retiring slow,
Throng the wide court-yard's space below.
All horsed, the long departing train,
Courtier, knight, with loosened rein,

Still they rest, and still they wait,
At the Abbey's open gate.
Look! on the threshold of the door
Stands the Emperor, holding o'er
The kneeling Knight of Leichenstein
The lifted sword of Honor's sign.
To see all this, and now to hear,
Attentive oped each eye and ear,
For the Emperor spoke, and, when Sovereigns
speak,
Let their subjects hear in submission meek.

"Now, gentle sirs, and good people, tell
To your children's child how all this befell,
And here to this Christian knight I give
Castle and lands wherewithal to live;
For by Christian vow he has lost domains
(Which the Devil may keep for all his pains).
No more of Alberg, Baron to be,
But Count of the Empire, in Presburg he;
Now, sirs and men, you must surely see
That Heaven pays better than Man or Devil,
Serve Him who can give us Eternity,
For sorrow doth ever follow evil.
Now bid farewell, may the Lord above
Keep us, one and all, in His saving love.

And, Count of Presburg, this company
To thy Castle's gates will go with thee;
But we enter not, for we will not pay
Thy Dame such an ill-timed visit to-day;
But we soon will see that fair son of thine.
Bear our greetings to Baroness Leichenstein."

That gladsome Christmas o'er, a stormy rain,
Ruled by the tempest, swept across the plain;
It seemed as if to Alberg's home 'twas sent,
For there its fiercest vengeance most was spent:
The muddy deluge covered all around,
And Alberg's towers were strewn upon the ground.
The ancient Castle left, it stood the shock
'Mid surging tempest, steadfast as a rock;
While in the little chapel, gathered there
The hoary servants spent the night in prayer,
Safe at its altar, which their faith sublime
Had blessed by prayerful centuries of time.

The snow came down, like mercy, soft and pure,
Covering the ruins with its snowy pall;
So heavenly mercy doth our sorrows cure,
Turning the evil into good for all.

RELIGION.

"It is difficult for the mind to comprehend God, or the language in which to address Him. We cannot, through material means, describe an immaterial being, and that which is eternal allies itself with difficulty to that which is the subject of time. The one passes away, the other exists forever. The one is a perception of the spirit, the other a reality; that which we recognize through our senses and eyes may be expressed in words, but that which is immaterial, that which may not be known to our senses, cannot be described in language. I comprehend, then, O Thoth! I comprehend, why God is ineffable."—(*Egypte Ancienne.*)

OH! blessed Sabbath, on thy holy air
I feel the wafting of the angels' wings;
The busy world is hushed, and sleeping care
No more its daily round of trouble brings;
Religion is the Sabbath of the soul,
Which earth's unconscious ones so oft deride,
As well the blind deny that planets roll,
As well the landsman doubt the rolling tide,
As the dark sensuous beings, formed of clay,
Whose light is darkness, doubt the perfect day.

Man hath a twofold nature, sense and spirit,
The one for earth, the other for the skies;
Blest are the human angels who inherit
The inner senses, and the seeing eyes
Who laugh not doubtingly, because the arm
Of the Almighty is not bared to view,
Who see a silent force, a potent charm,
Send us the sunshine, and drop down the dew;
And who, thro' nature, mark with silent awe,
Not law alone, but the Great Source of Law.

Since man first walked erect upon the earth,
Those inner senses (instincts we would say
Of all below us) struggling into birth,
Point us the light, and guide us in the way;
While Reason, born of intellect and brain,
Judge of material nature, struggles on,
Drops now and then a link of thought's great chain,
And then, like ship at sea, with rudder gone,
Floats wildly o'er a sea of doubt and dread,
With no known sign in Heaven, no sounding lead.

Then know thyself, oh man! remember thou
That earthly sense and reason are but made

To scan the world around us, scarce thy brow
  Can gaze on yonder summits, whose deep shade
Covers a world of microscopic view
  (Hid from thy haughty ignorance alone),
Which thou had'st well denied, as boldly, too,
  As the bright world above thee, yet unknown;
Nor dreamed that groove of silex at thy feet,
Was to some insect mart a spacious street.

The unseen world of causes God doth hide,
  How many ways of coming to one end;
By destiny the hands of man are tied,
  We cannot save, nor yet preserve a friend.
Our little sphere of power is just as wide
  As our ability to know is given,
Our thoughts and wishes on the lightnings ride,
  Yet are we not one moment nearer Heaven:
We know not whence we came, how we had birth,
Yet we can tame and subjugate the earth.

Yet from our instincts know we that within
  Reigns the directing Will, the sovereign Soul;
Whate'er impairs perfection, that is Sin,
  Whate'er brings down to passion's wild control,
Is as a traitor to Imperial Thought,
  Which intellect and passion must obey;

Reason its minister, and only sought,
Like engineer, to lay us down the way
By which that Will can reach a certain goal,—
The conscious Thought and Will, conjoined, are
Soul.

What more our spirit is, we may not guess
What other powers and gifts (which now confined
To this small temple) it may yet possess
When it shall enter the domain of Mind,
The universe invisible, which lies
Just at the threshold, but the way is barred
To our closed senses and our blinded eyes;
To see with eyes that see not, this is hard;
Yet hath our Master made this truth so clear,
With eyes we see not, nor with ears we hear.

Doubt nothing, for credulity is wise,
How far the laws of nature known to thee?
Yet, in thy arrogance thou scann'st the skies,
And bid'st us doubt all that we cannot see;
Come, thou Philosopher, expound to all
The secret of our being, and our death,
Tell us why grass is short, and trees are tall?
Why filled the head with brains, the lungs with
breath?

Your only answer, "these are Nature's laws:"
Where ends the law, and where begins the cause?

Religion, then, is Faith, the golden key
  Which opes to man the treasures of the skies,
All who have faith must love, and then obey,
  In those three words all true religion lies:
Faith, Love, Obedience, will be as the Ark,
  Borne thro' the wilderness to guide us on,
A pillar'd light when earthly skies are dark,
  A cloud of brightness when the night is gone!
Thro' day and night, thro' gloom, and thro' despair,
The ark of golden Seraphim is there.

Oh! figured type of truth, which all may read
  Deep meaning hid in allegoric guise;
Blind reasoning man take to thy footsteps heed,—
  Man is most foolish when he seems most wise;
Earth's wisdom can but scarcely enter in
  Where little children walk with certain tread,
Conceit is the unpardonable sin
  To Him who counts the hairs upon thy head;
Cast down thy soul, and then most humbly pray
That He will guide thee in the narrow way.

Yet light His yoke, and gentle is the rein,
More soft than silken fetters are His laws,
The path is easy, and the way is plain:
Ask but His aid, nor let thy worthless cause
Deter thee from the effort, for to will
To follow right is half the battle won;
Heaven bends to man half-way, and ever still
Walks by thy side the Great Messiah-Son;
Watching and waiting for the vile to pray,
And be to them "The Life, the Truth, the Way."

"JUST AS IF NO CHRIST HAD DIED."

ON a wide and scorched savanna, thro' a
burning summer's day,
Thousands of our bleeding soldiers from the battle's conflict lay.
Brave young hearts had ceased their beating,
brows in manhood's prime were low,
Pallid faces drawn in anguish, strong hands
sever'd by the foe:—
All in silent horror resting, victor, vanquished,
side by side,
With no holy rites of burial,—"Just as if no
Christ had died."

When the full moon rose in splendor o'er that
field of ghastly dead,
On a little mound, reclining, lay a young and
gentle head;

Twenty summers had not stolen from his cheek
the boyish bloom,
And the spring-time of his manhood had not
shed its fresh perfume;
Now he lay a mangled martyr, with no comrade
at his side,
With no friend in earth or Heaven,—"Just as if
no Christ had died."

Softly, with its gentle kisses, came the night wind
on his hair,
Lifting up the gory masses, laying the white fore-
head bare;
'Twas a mother's soul that sent it, for, in mid-
night watches, came
To her aching eyes the vision of a battle-field of
flame,
And her boy lay pale and bleeding, with no com-
rade at his side:
Vain had been her prayers and weeping,—"Just
as if no Christ had died."

Thro' the torrid day the wounded, maimed, and
mutilated lie
(Corses piled above, around them), sick and lone,
unheeded die;

Not a drop of grateful water to the parching lips
may come,
Naught is heard afar in distance but the slow
receding drum;
And the trains of ambulances, slowly moving,
side by side,
Laden all with human anguish,—"Just as if no
Christ had died."

Now another day has risen, still the maimed are
helpless there,
And the fetid dead are sending poison vapors
through the air;
And the sick and limbless soldiers, shout in
agony—in vain—
Men who left your wives and mothers, you will
never meet again;
And the sun goes down in glory on the dying,
side by side,
Forsaken both by Earth and Heaven,—"Just as
if no Christ had died."

O'er the land, in every hamlet, wails are on the
moaning air,
Every hearth has lost a loved one,—who will fill
the empty chair?

And the Fiend of War is rushing on his wild
steed, fierce and fast,
And his trumpet's shrieking clamor echoes on the
midnight blast—
And the angels all have left us—in our Sin, and
to our Pride—
And the Heavens are closed upon us,—"Just as
if no Christ had died."

Woman! thou art nearer Heaven, rear the house-
hold altars now,
Pile on them the Nation's sorrow, be the weeping
Priestess thou—
Gather all the broken-hearted, hoary men too
proud to wail,
Mothers, daughters, pallid statues, orphan children,
thin and pale,
Widows desolate and pining, none to succor, none
to guide,
With no friend in Earth or Heaven,—"Just as if
no Christ had died."

Dreary homes which Love had lighted, gone is
all your sunshine now,—
What to you the victor's triumph, what the wreath
that binds his brow?

Blighted hearts, whose desolation none can ever
soothe or share,
Earth's to you a darkened horror, let your agony
be prayer—
May the sacrifice of Sorrow ope the gates of
Mercy wide,
Give us Peace, oh! Lord of Nations!—"Not in
vain thy Christ hath died."

THE REAL.

"The unseen is the Real, because immortal, unchangeable. The material world around us, ever changing and fading away, is not the real."

(*Hermes Trismagestus.*)

IMAGINING is truth, for in the world
Of boundless and unfathomable space,
There's not a sail of Thought, tho' wide unfurled,
That may not find its homelike resting-place
In that etherous sea, whose tidal-wave
Of light reflowing, sends the wanderer back,
Laden with gifts of love which angels gave,
An argosy of Mind, such shun the track
That others make, and seek some golden shore,
Some richer Indies, never found before.

Oh! in that far-off sea, where Lyra bathes
Her stars in gold, and moves thro' living air,
Where, with his silent force, old Orion swathes
Each courtier planet in its proper sphere,

Where Pleiades their gentle influence shed
On their long train of Seraph-peopled worlds,
Where spaces mighty ocean outward's spread,
Further than furthest comet e'er was hurled:
There spread the realms of beauty, starry isles,
Of life immortal, knowing no decay;
Where the great Central Sun forever smiles
In beams that scatter music on their way;
Octaves of light, they move thro' finer air,
And every wave of radiance echoes there.

There doth the dreaming poet send his soul,
To bring back glorious thoughts of Genius rare,
There sketch each tree-plumed hill, each grassy knoll,
Landscapes unfading, flowers forever fair;
And Seraph forms, and brows, his lines rehearse,
Which he hath gazed on, in his spirit dream,
And men drink in like light his glowing verse,
Till each bright form and scene familiar seem,
And our tranced spirits yearn, like his, to roam
To those far "seats of Bliss, our future home."

Those distant gleamings of the Soul's Ideal
Steal thro' the curtained studio, where, alone,

Sits the rapt painter, heedless of the real,
Ungraceful forms of earth, around him thrown:
Before him spreads a sunset, golden beams
Light skies more blue, that Arno's upward gaze
Paints on its waters, groves and shadow'd streams
Bathe in the mellow light, while evening's haze
Sheds on the far-off summits softer air,
Like a veiled beauty, more serenely fair:

And eyes are there, deep starry eyes of light,
And calm Madonna brows, and floating forms,
And flowing drapery, like clouds of night
Lit by the moonbeams, veil their radiant arms;
He paints, and we Idolaters adore—
Then from our ecstasy awake to mourn
That angel forms revisit earth no more,
And feel that we from Paradise were torn;
Like the lone Peri, we but gaze within
On the bright world, closed on us by our sin.

The patient sculptor, whose unwearied hand
Finds the loved image of his soul inwrought
Beneath the yielding marble, as in land
Of dire enchanter, by some Prince is sought,
The tranced beauty, numbed in seeming death,
So from its cold sarcophagus is brought

The image of his vision; but the breath
Of glowing life comes not with glorious thought:
Jove gave Pygmalion's life,—had love that power,
The grave would yield its statues in an hour.

'Tis but the marble shadow of his vision
Seen in the dreaming land, when slumbers steal
On his closed lids, where borne to scenes Elysian;
His waking thoughts those angel forms reveal;
On the cold brow we gaze, and long to give
Half of our soul to make the statue live.

Daughter of Love and Song; oh! thou whose spell,
Nepenthe-like, falls soft on heart and brain,
When the glad air receives the gushing swell
With which the breathing soul invokes thy strain;
Angel of Music, from whose wafting wings
Drop the rich globules of the sounding song,
Whose touch ethereal wakes the echoing strings
That thro' our coarser atmosphere prolong
The floating octaves, rising till they soar,
Like silver bells—just heard—from spirit shore—

All beauty, harmony, all grace, all light,
Richness and glory, all that enters in,

To our pent souls, and all the noble might
Of virtuous will, the purity within,
Are all but breathings of that spirit home
Like perfumed waves from spiced Arabia's shore:
Where'er we live and breathe, where'er we roam,
Those warmer gales still fan us, o'er and o'er;
Those airs of home, their homeward longings bring,
And still the Spirit's "Ranz des Vaches" we sing.

LORD WILLIAM AND THE COTTAGE MAID.

LORD WILLIAM wooed a cottage maid,
And he told her his love 'neath the beechen shade.

The sky and sunlight together were
In her deep blue eyes and her golden hair;

Back from her brow, so high and pale,
Were pushed the folds of her drooping veil;

No cottage damsel she seemed to be,
But a graceful maiden of high degree.

He sighed, as he gazed on her beauty rare,
"Were the Lady Elvina but half so fair."

He loved and wooed, but young Ellen strove
With a maiden's fears and a maiden's love;

For she knew that the heir of halls and land
Was no suitor meet for a lowly hand.

The wooer went back to his lighted hall,
Where his lady mother kept festival.

As he trod the dance with a measured tread
There bent to his words a stately head,

And a small, white hand in his own was laid,
And the dame took the place of the cottage maid.

Soon the merry chime of the wedding-bells
A noble marriage delighted tells,

For the Lady Elvina has given her hand,
Her castles fair, and her goodly land,

And Lord William has given a golden ring
For her dower and lands, 'twas a little thing.

She sat in his hall at the banquet's pride,
And her children climbed to their father's side;

But oft in the gloom of the twilight pale
He saw golden locks and the drooping veil,

And wished that the brow so high and fair
Had been in the place of another's there.

Long years had passed, and one winter night,
As he sat in his chair by the ruddy light,

A peasant came to his dame so proud,
To beg for a maiden an humble shroud;

For 'neath the snow of the wintry sky
A sorrowful one had lain down to die.

Her hands were closed in their quiet rest,
A kerchief pinn'd on her shapely breast;

The maiden snood on that moveless brow
Was not half so white as that forehead now.

Stitched close in her simple bodice, there
Was the tip of a plume, and a lock of hair;

And gossips said that the broken plume
Fell from the bonnet of lordly groom,

When the stealthy wind bore the prize away
Which had waved o'er such locks on his bridal day.

On those castle walls was a silent gloom,
And a daughter sat in the darkened room.

The stately mother had pass'd away,
The earth regards not her noble clay;

Her children all like the nipp'd buds fell,
All but the one he had loved so well;

For her eyes were blue, and her hair was bright
As the summer sky and the rich sunlight.

Strange, that the maiden so young and fair,
Should be like the one who lay shrouded there!

When the gossips told of the lock and plume
That had shaded the brow of the lordly groom,

The daughter gazed on his altered brow,
His face was as calm as an infant's now:

The pain had gone, and had left no trace
On that broad, high forehead and sculptured face.

She bent low o'er his couch to catch his breath,
It had gone on the wings of the Angel—Death.

His hands were clasped on a locket, tied
By a golden chain to his vestment's side;

She open'd the clasp, 'twas a face as fair
As the one that looked on it, wondering there;

And set around in the jewel's gold
Was a tress like hers, in a silken fold.

Alas! that Love in this world should give
But the desolate heart that disdains to live.

ODE TO MASONRY.

IN the morning of creation, while its yet unbroken sleep
Hung o'er undivided matter, as doth darkness o'er the deep;
Ere the Architect Masonic, had with voice electric sent
Living words upon the waters of the boundless firmament;
Then in Heaven, the secret counsels of thy mystic order lay,
Waiting but the mighty fiat, when from Light should come the Day.

Thro' the dim and distant ages of the unrecorded time,
Down thro' lines of Priests and Sages, came thy mysteries sublime,
And the veiled and mystic Isis was but shadowy type of lore
(Cloth'd in beauty allegoric), of the learning known before,

When the Voice was heard in Aiden, ere the darken'd shadow fell,
While the presence of the Angels saved us from the grasp of Hell.

In the fair Egyptian Edes, hidden from the vulgar gaze,
Were thy sacred rites enacted, did thy fragrant altars blaze;
Where the Eastern Heli's presence on the Hierophant could shine,
Where the light of astral systems taught the majesty Divine:
There the patient Hebrew, Moses, learnt the wisdom deep, that plann'd
Rescue for his captive nation, guidance to the "Promised Land."

In the golden, jewel'd temple of the gorgeous Solymene,
Where the smooth and polish'd masses fitting silently were seen;
Where no sound of pick or hammer e'er betrayed the workman's hand,
So, in grand, impressive silence, do thy sacred altars stand—

Figured silence, ever telling of His Power, sublimely shown,
By the Temple's mighty structure, growing upward from the stone.

Lever, Roller, Screw, and Pulley, are but symbols of thy might,
Square and Circle, Compass, Measure, guide thy true disciples right,
Still, where e'er man's footstep presses, spread the doctrines of thy Fane,
Firm as everlasting mountains be the pillars of thy reign—
Wide in Mercy, strong in Power, blending Wisdom most sublime,
Wisdom of the Great Eternal, with the passing years of Time.

THE FROST SPIRITS.

BEAUTIFUL Spirits of Frost and Snow,
I hear your wings flutter as on ye go—
Ye change the drops of the wintry rain
Into castles and groves on my window-pane:
Castles and groves, and knights with plumes,
Scenes from the tropical climes of balm,
Carriage and steeds with liveried grooms,
Monks in cathedral singing a psalm;
Fern leaves growing near silvery lake,
Laplanders skimming the glittering snow,
Fleet reindeers the light sledges take,
Sending the diamond dust to and fro—
Wide is the reign of your scepter'd hands,
Ye gather your spoils from Earth's many lands.

One winter eve, as he looked at home
On the panel'd glass from the dashing rain,
Say, did not Angelo see the dome
Of St. Peter's grow on his window-pane?

For on mine, a Gothic doorway opes,
Inviting my fancy to enter in,
It seems to look on the sunny slopes
That surrounded the palace of Conradin:
Crowds are there (who throng the street)
Entering in at the open door;
I almost think I see their feet
Tread on the tiles of the marble floor—
Here ye spread, in Honiton lace,
The mazy web, more delicate now,
Than ever a queen, in her queenly grace,
Wore in a veil on her stately brow.
Deep-set edge, with tracery rare;
Not the gossamer gauze, nor the fabrics light,
The dark-eyed, gemm'd sultanas wear,
Those robes that float on the summer air
Of the Persian's cloudless night,
Can with thy textures, O, Sprites! compare—
For Dacca's thread was ne'er spun as fine
As the one that forms your fairy line.

Surely, Spirits unseen, ye bring us
All that is lovely to mortal eyes,
Ye wake the mystical songs within us,
That keep time to the march of the starry skies:

All that is beautiful, just, and true,
Comes from the Veiled Universe, where
There spread thro' space a more delicate air,
And perfect types upspringing and new,
Are made indigenous there:
From those come, as now, from the frost and rain,
Original sketches, stamped on our brain,
Thus photograph'd here from above;
But verily, Earth can copy but faintly
The glory of forms, angelic and saintly,
Invoked to our pillows, by prayer, or by love.

How do we enter the Land of Dreams?
Is there an Angel with ivory wand
To open the gates of its Palaces fair,
To lead us on by its crystal streams,
To drink of the joy, we find only there?
By the light of Earth, unseen they stand—
Like the wonderful city, 'neath Araby's skies,
That Golden City, whose gates were closed
Forever to mortals' longing eyes:
And then, when closed, came a mighty cloud,
Dark and dense as a demon's shroud,
That circled the beautiful city, and hid it
Evermore from him who bid it
In the desert of Aiden rise:

The Arab prince, who thought to make
A Heaven on Earth, and had daringly plann'd
Each Palace of Gold in its mirror'd lake,
Its gardens fair, and its castles grand;
Pillar'd porticoes running along
Perfumed rivers that flowed in song,
Banqueting halls, and towers high,
With turrets lost in the cloudless sky—
In that City of Arem, so vast and fair,
The treasures of earth were gather'd there.
All that the soul of man could ask
Did the Arab prince supply;
And there, when ended his pleasant task,
It vanished from his eye.

Was this a dream, or a story told
With a moral, by Arab Sages old,
To teach us how vain is a city of gold
Built in the desert here?
For the clouds of Earth, and Time's whirling sands,
Cover the cities of earthly lands,
And our hopes, like Sheddad's, have found their
bier.

Spirits of Air, with your silver wands,
Open the gates of your hidden realms,

Touch our closed lids with your magical hands,
Take from our eyes the earthly films:
Thro' the Winter's frost, and the Summer's heat,
Come, with the pat of your dainty feet,
And still in the dash of the gusty rain,
Stop, as ye go by my window-pane.

"IMPERATRICE OF FRANCE."

Written on reading the "Visit of the Empress Eugenie to the Cholera Hospitals in Paris."

HAIL to the land where royal feet descend
from stateliest throne
To tread the courts where Pestilence in Horror
reigns alone.
Hail to the land where beauty clothes in linea-
ments divine,
A fervent soul as ever bowed before Religion's
shrine,
Or blessed with Heavenly Charity the Old World's
wide expanse,
Then, Hail to thee, fair Queen of all, "Impera-
trice of France!"

I joy that in a woman's form is shrined thy seraph
soul,
I joy that o'er a noble realm is felt thy blest con-
trol,

I joy that Heaven has given to thee all glorious
gifts combined,
The gentle eyes, the queenly brow, the majesty of
mind:
Thine is the sway of loveliness, that conquers in
its glance,
Then may thy reign forever last, "Imperatrice of
France!"

Around thee shine the glories of the Court of
Charlemagne,
And in thy blue veins flows the blood, the noblest
blood of Spain;
The ancient centuries of Time, their golden Vel-
lums bring,
The records of thy famous land, since Clovis first
was King;
But never did the "Lilies" fair on lovelier lady
glance,
Than those that cluster round thy brow, "Im-
peratrice of France!"

The sunrise that first greets thy land, then travels
on to mine,
So doth thy glorious womanhood on every woman
shine.

Nor doth the realm of "Sunny France" bound
thy resistless sway,
Thy magnanimity of soul all other hearts obey;
Thou reign'st a Queen in every breast, no need
of spear or lance
To bristle round thy throne beloved, "Impera-
trice of France!"

Oh! Kings of Earth, whose crowned heads oft
tremble, when the jar
Of avalanching multitudes approaches from afar,
Did ye the golden scepter hold of "Righteousness
and Peace,"
Your thrones would then securely rest, unholy
wars would cease;
No longer round your palace-walls were wanted
spear or lance,
Love were your Warder then, as thine, "Impera-
trice of France!"

Fear not, O Man! for Angels tread the lofty halls
of Kings,
And o'er the stricken land now shed "the healing
from their wings;"

When woman, in her might of love, lays royalty aside,
With all its gorgeousness of power, with all its pomp of pride;
When o'er the dying and the dead she bends with pitying glance,
Then Angels walk the world with thee, "Imperatrice of France!"

DIANA

WATCHING ENDYMION ASLEEP ON MOUNT LATMOS.

STARS of the Night! your silent vigils keep,
Whilst I, from moonlight shadows, watch his sleep.
Thro' the bright day the Carian wood-nymphs fair
Toy with the ringlets of his golden hair;
The zephyrs woo his eyelids to repose,
Bringing his cheek a deeper tint of rose.
Apollo vainly seeks his flocks to guide
To leafy covert in the forest wide;
For teasing fauns around his pathway play,
With causeless fright they drive his herds away,
And oft his weary footsteps tread the plain,
His bleating charge in safety to regain.

But now he sleeps the sleep that Nature gives,
The needful rest from toil for all that lives.
In moonbeams wrapp'd, I touch his gentle eyes,
And bear his soul to fair Olympia's skies;

The glory of my Father's realm appear,
And strains of heavenly music greet his ear.
No more a huntress of the wood I seem,
Daughter of Jove, a Goddess in his dream;
With Crescent crown'd, and diamond circlet bright,
I look the Starry Empress of the Night;
On his warm lips Ambrosial incense shed,
And sprinkle Nectar on his graceful head.
Endymion, sleep—yes, let those visions cheer
Thy peaceful rest, while I am watching here.
Thou dost not know that Diana leaves her throne
To clothe in glittering mist thy form alone;
In this fair Earth a fairer world I see,
And tread, with buskin'd feet, this world for thee.

TO TIME.

STAY! I command thee—Time!
Touch not with silver wand my brow again;
Cast thou no shadow on my perfect prime,
My spirit's will shall hence dispute thy reign.

Stay, on Life's Ajalon, my mid-day sun;
Thou owest me much for sorrow's many years;
Thro' my absorbing griefs thy years had run,
No light made rainbows of my many tears.

But I have waked to know
Thy stealthy tread; I watch, not as of yore,
When I was burden'd with my heavy woe,
I cared not for the years that went before.

I prayed thee then to pass
With quickened step upon thy darksome way;
Now, I reverse thy swiftly-moving glass,
And bid thee look upon they wrecks—and stay.

Was it in vain I made the midnight oil
  Throw its dim light upon the classic page?
Changing (unlike St. Leon), with the toil,
  Fair youth to thoughtful age?

Canst thou not wipe away
  The weary years, whose shadows o'er me lie?
Hast thou no fount of Life, wherein we may
  Freshen the cheek, and light the fading eye?

Silent! Thou may'st not listen to my prayer;
  Noiseless thy tread, but still thou must not stay,
Just as of old, unheeding my despair,
  Thou trod'st the flowers that blossom'd on my way.

Precede me—then—while I
  The precious things I loved on Earth may bring—
I know at last that I thy power defy,—
  Now, lead me to the presence of my King.

REMORSE.

SO act in life that each recorded hour
May never give remorseless Memory power
To wring thy heart with anguish, when the tears
Of bitter mourning come in after-years:
For know each wounding word, each act unkind
(Tho' for the present they escape thy mind),
Shall in the vengeful future bubble up,
In bitterness of gall, a Marah cup!
Worse than the waters in the desert sands,
By Israel taken with reluctant hands,
For them a blessed branch made sweet the well,
But ne'er to thee, may come that holy spell,
No Gilead balm shall ever bring thee healing,
When the closed grave shall mock thy waken'd feeling;
Life has no sorrow, sharp as bootless weeping,
And thoughts we wish to lose, we're sure of keeping.

MEMORY.

OH! there are, in every lifetime, sacred spots
to Memory dear;
And like pilgrims to a Mecca, thronging thoughts
will wander here—
In the dimly-lighted chambers of those cloistered
shrines e'er dwell,
Weary souls, like praying hermits, kneel before
each holy cell.
Hearts grown old from time or sadness, carry there
their load of pain,
And each wailing spirit murmurs, Shall we ne'er
know joy again?

Memory hath her land of beauty, Love and youth
in it ne'er die,
Floating on its placid waters, still the fadeless land-
scapes lie;

And tho' years and change may bring us much
of weal and much of woe,
Ever to its gushing fountains do our thirsty spirits
go.
Early Love had built fair castles, on whose turrets
still the smile
Of a light more golden lingers than e'er gilt
Armida's Isle.

p. 70 +

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